A good Wife, or none.

To a pleasant new Tune.

THe blazing Torch is soone burnt out,
the Diamonds light abides:
The one in glory shines about,
the other it's vertue hides:
That sparke (if any) shall be mine,
that else gives light to none;
For if to every one shée shine,
I had rather lie alone.

The Glow-worm in the dark gives light,
unto the view of many;
The Moone she shewes her selfe by night,
and yéelds her selfe to any:
But if my Love should séeme to be,
of every one so knowne:
She never more should shine on me,
I had rather lie alone.

Ile not consume nor pine away,
as other lovers doe;
For such as wandring walke astray,
and never will prove true:
Ile set as light by any shée,
as shée by me hath done:
And fixe my love on constancie;
or else will lye alone.

A willow Garland for my head,
I never meane to weare;
I néed no pillow for my bed,
I yet am void of care:
A single life, is without strife,
and fréed from sigh and grone;
For such contentments of my life,
Ile choose to lie alone.

Once did I love the fairest Love,
that ever eye did sée;
But she did most inconstant prove,
and set no love by me:
And ever since my mind is such,
to lend my love to none;
Because I have béen crost so much,
Ile ever lie alone.

The beautie of the fairest Flowre,
so pleasing to the eye,
Doth fade and wither in an houre,
and no man sets thereby:
So deales my fairest faire with me,
her joyes in Love are gone;
Wherefore the wanton world shall sée,
Ile choose to lye alone.

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The second Part.

To the same tune.

VVEll may we picture Cupid blinde,
which roving shot his dart,
And made my lover most unkinde,
to steale away my heart:
Which cannot be restord againe,
it is so love sicke growne;
For she hath kil'd it with disdaine,
therefore Ile lie alone.

Within that face I once did see
two diamond eyes, whose bright
And glistring beames so dazled me,
that I was ravisht quite,
And struck so blind, I could not see
the way that I had gone:
But from fond love I'm now set free,
and choose to lye alone.

This single life breeds golden ease,
no jealous thoughts offend;
Unwedded wights goe where they please,
and feare no changing friend;
While married mates with musing mind,
doe sob, and sigh, and grone,
Because their Turtles prove unkind:
therefore, Ile lye alone.

What if the Willow Garland be
appointed for my lot;
Yet this content shall comfort me,
false love is soone forgot:
A second Love may make amends,
now that the first is gone;
For Cresid kind had choyce of friends,
else still had lien alone.

For if I could but cull my Choyce,
out of Diana's traine,
Who will not heare the tempters voice;
then might I love againe:
And choose some yet more constant light,
then that which lately shone,
My equall fancie to requite:
or still Ile lye alone.

For time and opportunitie,
will win the coyest Dame,
And overcome the chastest she,
that beares the bravest name:
Yea, Man was made for Womans good,
not like the idle drone:
But for to heat and stirre the blood;
and not to lye alone.

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